

# DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XVI.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1887.

NUMBER 20

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office of New York, N. Y.  
as second class matter.

## POETRY.

### II I Were You.

Why did he look so grave? she asked,  
That night the trouble be?  
"My little maid," he sighing said,  
"Suppose that you were me,  
And you a weighty secret o'wed,  
Pray, tell me what you'd do?"  
"I think I'd tell it somebody,"  
Said she, "if I were you!"  
But still he sighed and looked a-sad,  
Despite her sympathy.  
"Oh, tell me little maid," he said,  
Again, "if you were me,  
And if you loved a pretty lass,  
Oh, then what would you do?"  
"I think I'd go and tell her so,"  
Said she, "if I were you!"  
"My little maid," 'tis you," he said,  
"Alone are dear to me."  
Ah, then, she turned away her head,  
And ne'er a word said she.  
But what he whispered in her ear,  
And what she answered, too—  
"Oh, no, I cannot tell you this;  
I'd guess, if I were you!"  
G. CLIFTON BISHOP.

## STORY TELLER.

### HOW I STRUCK OIL.

#### PART I.

"And so you've got just 12 months  
in which to raise £10,000?"

"Yes."

"And, of course, if you can't raise  
it, Wylie forecloses and secures the  
estate?"

"That is so."  
"Do you think there's the remotest  
possibility that you will get the  
money?"

"Well, yes, I do."  
"I am afraid you've deceived your-  
self. You might, of course, borrow  
such a sum on the estate itself, pro-  
vided it were unencumbered, but,  
when it is already mortgaged up to  
that amount, no one in his senses  
would advance you a penny on it; for  
you know that, since it was mortgaged,  
the property has fallen to something  
like half of its original value, owing  
to your uncle's careless management."

"But, my dear sir, I have no in-  
tention of borrowing the money. I  
mean to make it."

At these brave words Polly looked  
at me proudly and gave me a little  
caressing pat on the arm, while old  
Ganson, Polly's father, grinned sar-  
donically.

"Do you know any trade or busi-  
ness?"

"No."

"Have you studied any profession?"

"No."

"Have you tested your value in the  
labor market?"

"No; not yet. But I mean to."  
Mr. Ganson lit a cigar and smoked  
deliberately.

"A fortnight ago," he said grimly,  
"I wanted a junior clerk. I advertis-  
ed. The salary, remember, was £50  
a year. I had nearly 200 applications,  
if you had been one of those appli-  
cants, my boy, I shouldn't have  
accepted you. Educated as you have  
been at Eton and Oxford, it wouldn't  
be worth my while to pay you 10  
shillings a week."

I was naturally rather nettled;  
Polly was indignant. But old Gun-  
son smoked on with perfect pacidity.  
"I have no intention of becoming  
a junior clerk," I answered. "If I  
go in for business at all, it shall be as  
a principal."

"I know three young men who  
started business on their own account  
several months ago," replied Mr.  
Ganson. "They had each a nice lit-  
tle sum to begin with, more, I think,  
than you can possibly command, and,  
moreover, they had been thoroughly  
well trained, and were good business  
men. Within a year one failed; an-  
other drew out and went to New  
Zealand; and the remaining one  
makes, I should think, about £150  
a year, and considers himself lucky to  
do so."

"I suppose they went on in a jog  
trot sort of way," I said impatiently.  
"That isn't my line at all. I  
shouldn't stick in the mud like that,  
I should speculate."

"Indeed," said old Ganson sarca-  
stically. "I've had a large acquaint-  
ance with speculators. I knew a man  
who, a fortnight ago, was worth  
£50,000. He isn't worth a penny  
now."

"I suppose he was reckless.  
Went in for every thing that turned  
up."

"Nothing whatever of the sort.  
He's one of the longest headed men  
on 'change. Plodding, cautious, and  
as sharp as a razor."

I was silent for the moment, and

felt small and uncomfortable. Polly  
took up the cudgel on my behalf.

"I think it's very unkind of you,  
papa, to discourage Jack in that way.  
Just because those stupid men  
couldn't make money quickly, it  
doesn't follow that Jack can't."

"Fiddlesticks, child! I'm only tell-  
ing him the facts of the case. What's  
the good of him building castles in  
the air that haven't the slightest  
foundation in reality? It's better to  
tell him the plain truth at once, in-  
stead of letting him deceive himself.  
It's only in fairy tales and novels that  
men in Jack's position can make  
£10,000 in a single year. In actual  
life it is an impossibility."

"Not for Jack," said Polly.  
"For Jack or any one else, and he'd  
better realize it at once. Still I don't  
want to be hard on him. I'll give  
him a chance. If he can raise the  
money in 12 months and pay off the  
mortgage, I shall oppose your engage-  
ment no longer."

"Thank you, Mr. Ganson, thank  
you—thank you," I cried, ringing  
his hand affectionately.

Mr. Ganson re-possessed himself of  
the shaken member.

"Gently, gently, my boy," he said,  
renewly. "My bones are not so  
young as they used to be. And then,  
you mustn't forget the other side of  
the bargain. If you don't pay off the  
mortgage, I will never consent to your  
engagement with Polly. You must  
understand me clearly. There must  
be no mistake about that."

Polly left the couch on which we  
had been sitting side by side, and  
knelt by her father's chair.

"Papa," she said, caressing his  
hand and looking wistfully into  
his face, "you're not really in earnest,  
are you? You're only joking?"

"Not a bit of it, my girl. I'm as  
solemn as a tombstone."

"And do you really think there isn't  
the least chance of Jack paying off  
the mortgage?"

"Well, in the ordinary course of  
things, I don't suppose there is. It  
would be nothing short of a miracle  
if he did."

Polly laid her soft cheek against  
his arm, and said in a low voice:

"And if I told you that I never  
could love any one but Jack, because  
we've loved each other so long—ever  
since we were tiny children—and that  
I'd rather be his wife, however poor  
he was, than to marry the richest man  
in the world, wouldn't it make any  
difference, papa?"

"Tut, tut!" said old Ganson.  
"Where's the sense in talking like  
that, you silly child? I'm not a  
Bluebeard or a pasha. I'm not going  
to chop your head off, or Jack's  
either. The whole affair's perfectly  
straight forward. You're an expensive  
little baggage, as I know from experi-  
ence, and it's absolutely essential, for  
your own happiness, that you should  
marry a rich man. You'd ruin a poor  
man in a week. You shan't get my  
money till I die; and I mean to live  
a good while yet, I can assure you.  
So if Jack becomes a pauper, you  
can't and you shall not marry, if he  
succeeds, and the chances are a thou-  
sand to one that he won't—well, I've  
said I shan't oppose your engage-  
ment any longer, and I'll keep my  
word. I've always liked Jack from a  
boy, and I've always thought that his  
uncle's property and mine joined to-  
gether would make one of the finest  
estates in the country."

When her father finished speak-  
ing, Polly rose without a word, and  
standing beside me, looked dreamily  
out of the window, at the gathering  
shadows of twilight.

"I think," remarked old Ganson  
presently, "I think Jack had better  
be going now. I expect Wylie, your  
mortgagee, here this evening, Jack,  
and I don't want any scenes. In  
fact, I saw him walking up the drive  
a few moments ago, so there's no  
time to lose. You'd better go out  
the back way, my boy."

I went. It required a considerable  
amount of self-control to do so. I  
should have liked to remain and calm-  
ly but firmly deprive Wylie of exis-  
tence, and my thoughts toward the  
venerable parent of my beloved one  
were not full of charity that thinketh  
no evil. For Wylie, the mortgagee of  
the property, was also my rival, and,  
as far as Mr. Ganson was concerned,  
a favored rival. I knew too well that  
the chief ambition of that mercenary  
old gentleman was to join the two  
properties, his own and that which I  
had inherited in one; and he evidently  
believed, and with reason, that  
Wylie's chance of becoming the ulti-  
mate possessor of "The Willows," was  
considerably greater than mine.

Early left an orphan, I had been  
adopted by a bachelor uncle, who had  
brought me up as though I was the  
heir to a dukedom, and dying had  
bequeathed me an estate so hopelessly  
involved that it was practically worth  
nothing to me. He was an easy,  
careless man, who moved in high  
society, and spent his money with  
reckless profusion. There was not  
even sufficient to pay the interest on  
the mortgage, and that very evening  
I had been obliged to inform Mr.  
Ganson that, unless I could raise the  
sum of £10,000 within twelve months,  
the estate would fall into the hands  
of Fred Wylie, my rival and mort-  
gagee. Polly and I had loved each  
other since childhood, but her father  
would never consent to our engage-  
ment until, as he expressed it, he saw  
how "Old Dalton," my deceased  
uncle, "would cut up." Since my  
uncle's death disclosed the disastrous  
condition of his affairs, I knew that  
Mr. Ganson had regarded Wylie's at-  
tentions to Polly with more and more  
friendly eyes.

Polly followed me into the hall to  
say good-by, for Mr. Ganson had de-  
clared that I should not see her again  
until the 12 months had expired. She  
walked with me thro' the conservatory  
in silence, until we came to a door  
which opened on to the back garden.  
Then she took off a little blue silk  
handkerchief and tied it around my  
arm, a pitiful smile hovering upon her  
trembling lips.

"Now," she said softly, "you are  
my knight, my brave Sir Gala had; and  
you are going out to fight the dragon,  
the great cruel world, with your lady's  
token on your arm. Oh, Jack, I  
think my heart will break. I can't  
bear it. I can't bear it!"

"Why, little one," I said, kissing  
her tearful eyes, "you mustn't send  
me away with such a sorrowful face  
as that. I can't fight bravely if I  
think you are sad and desponding.  
You must be hopeful, dear. Why,  
before a year's out, I shall be back  
again, never fear, and little Polly and  
the Willows shall both be mine, in  
spite of all the Wylies in the world."

"Yes, yes, Jack, I know you will  
do your best, but—"

It was long before I could tear my-  
self away, and when at length I left  
her, she called me back.  
"I only wanted to say, Jack," she  
said, trying to smile and toying with  
the flowers in my coat, "that suppose  
—a year's such a long, long time, you  
know—that suppose we should never  
see each other again. I don't want  
you to think hard of me."

"Yes; you know I've often been  
poorish and irritable; but I didn't  
mean to be, and the love deep down to  
my heart was always the same, Jack."  
"You dear little goose," I exclaim-  
ed, "what nonsense you're talking!"  
"No, no; it isn't nonsense, Jack!  
But I know you'll forgive me. Hush!  
I hear papa calling. Good-by Jack,  
good-by."

She turned and left me, and yet as  
I looked back on my way out I could  
see that she was still lingering at the  
door of the conservatory to wave a  
last farewell. Even now I can hardly  
keep the tears from my eyes when I  
think of it.

Ten thousand pounds in a year! A  
very little consideration showed  
even me that it was impossible to ac-  
complish my purpose in the ordi-  
nary channels of trade, and the at-  
tempts I thereupon made to diverge  
from the beaten paths to opulence were  
a sufficient proof of my refreshing in-  
nocence of the world and all its ways.

I tried literature first. I wrote a  
number of stories and articles, and  
forwarded them to the leading period-  
icals. One after another they were  
returned, with those polite little notes  
which kindly editors have devised to  
soothe the feelings of literary aspirants.  
Foiled in this direction, I unearthed  
a novel which I had written at odd  
times during the previous year. As  
a last chance I polished it up,  
proceeded to London, and called at the  
chambers of a literary man to whom  
I had secured an introduction.

I found him in dressing gown and  
slippers, smoking a cigar and perusing  
a dilapidated volume of ancient litera-  
ture. He suppressed a shudder with  
great fortitude when I produced my  
MS., but I thought his eyes twinkled  
when I dilated upon my hopes and  
ambitions.

"Of course," I explained, "I  
don't suppose there is any chance of  
raising the whole sum in this way. I  
can hardly expect to be so lucky as  
that."

"Well," he remarked dryly, "I  
should say that would be, perhaps,  
a little too much to expect."  
His manner was scarcely encourag-

ing, but eventually I left the manu-  
script with him, and agreed to call  
again in the course of two or three  
days. Those intervening days were  
about the longest I ever spent.

When the appointed time arrived, I  
found him glancing over my manu-  
script.

"I understand," he said, "that  
you have no intention of eventually  
adopting a literary career."

"Well, no, I think not."  
"Exactly so. That was my im-  
pression. I haven't the least idea  
how you will be able to accomplish  
the task you have undertaken, but  
believe me, there isn't the slightest  
chance of your performing it by the  
aid of this—you'll excuse the expres-  
sion—rather elementary production."

Greenhorn as I was, I saw that his  
advice was sound, and told him, tho'  
I dare say somewhat ruefully, that I  
should follow it.

"Good-by, Mr. Drysdale," he said,  
as I took my leave, "I wish you all  
possible success. And by-the-way, if  
you discover any means of making  
ten thousand pounds in twelve months,  
I should be delighted if you would  
let me into the secret."

I had a few hundreds of ready  
money to dispose of, so I tried a little  
speculation on the stock exchange. I  
had a friend—Smith by name, some-  
thing or other in the city, I don't  
know exactly what—who dabbled in  
that sort of thing, and I immediately  
went to consult him. His eyes light-  
ed up with pleasure, and he patted  
me enthusiastically on the back.

"We'll do it, my boy," he exclaim-  
ed, "We'll do it. I've about the best  
thing on I ever had in my life. We'll  
go in for Egyptians. The public's an  
ass you know, and the public thinks  
that Arabi Pasha's going to make a  
rumpus in Egypt; consequently the  
Egyptians are coming down with a  
run. But it's all gammon, my boy.  
I know better. In another week the  
Egyptians will be higher than ever,  
and you'll literally coin money, just  
coin it. We'll go in for Egyptians,  
my dear fellow. Just buy 'em whole-  
sale."

We did, and before a week had passed  
I was glad to get rid of them for  
anything that they would bring.  
There has been a slight estrangement  
between Smith and me since then,  
for I felt that he had acted impru-  
dently.

Then I turned my attention to the  
stage. I was not so hopelessly  
ignorant as to be very sanguine about  
the result; but my imagination was  
fixed by the career of various theatri-  
cal stars, and I knew little about  
the struggles and training, which had  
preceded and ensured success. I was  
slightly acquainted with the man-  
ager of one of the London theatres,  
and ventured to call on him.

I opened my heart to him, and ex-  
plained the situation in which I was  
placed. He was a kindly enough  
man, and tried hard to keep a straight  
face, but I could see he found it well  
nigh impossible to take me seriously,  
and I left him, after half an hour's  
conversation, with a vivid impression  
that the stage did not present that  
avenue to wealth which I had pre-  
viously imagined.

And now I naturally began to feel  
somewhat discouraged. Here I was  
at the end of my resources, and the  
£10,000 as far off as ever; indeed,  
further off, for those detestable  
"Egyptians" had already swallowed  
up a considerable amount of my capi-  
tal. I had serious thoughts of trying  
my luck on the race course or at the  
gambling table, and was only held  
back by the fear of losing the little  
money I still possessed. At length,  
however, a ray of light flashed thro'  
the gloom. One morning, as I glanced  
at the newspapers, the following  
paragraph caught my eye:

"STRIKING OIL."  
"It is reported that a new oil dis-  
trict, known as Stonewall Ridge, has  
recently been discovered in the neigh-  
borhood of Oil City, Pa. Great im-  
portance is attached to the discovery,  
and it is believed that the fortunate  
owners of the new wells are likely to  
realize immense fortunes."

Eureka! I had found it! My  
mind was made up in a moment. I  
would go to Pennsylvania and strike  
oil. Gathering together almost every  
shilling I possessed in the world, I  
booked my passage, and in less than  
a week was afloat on the Atlantic.

I wrote to Polly and Mr. Ganson,  
telling them of the project. Polly  
sent me a loving, hopeful letter. Old  
Ganson added a postscript:

"I have all along considered your  
plans rash and ill advised, but this  
latest scheme could only have origin-

ated in the brain of a lunatic."

Polly had crossed out the word  
"lunatic" and written "genius" above  
it. It cheered me to think that she  
at least had still faith in me in spite  
of my previous failures.

It was late in the afternoon when I  
arrived at Stonewall Ridge, Pa., a  
district where oil was reported to have  
been discovered in large quantities.  
At Oil City I had purchased the claim  
and plant of a prospector, who, accord-  
ing to his own account, was forced to  
raise a small sum of ready money,  
even at the sacrifice of enormous wealth  
in the future. He assured me—in a  
voice broken by emotion—that if he  
could have worked his claim a few  
feet deeper, he would have realized an  
immense fortune. I was so impressed  
by the unfortunate position in which  
he was placed that I felt quite guilty  
about accepting his offer, but a hint  
to that effect appeared to mollify his  
grief more promptly than I had ex-  
pected, and an extra \$50 acted like a  
sunbeam on snow-flakes. His desper-  
ate at once melted away. He would  
not even allow me to thank him.  
"He might be a poor man," he said,  
"but he was not mercenary. He was  
contented, provided he could secure  
the necessities of life. He cared not  
for the gilded chambers of luxury and  
fashion, and it filled him with joy to  
be the means of conferring upon a  
worthy young man a fortune, which  
Providence, no doubt, for some wise  
purpose, saw fit to withdraw from  
himself." The view of the situation  
appeared to gratify him so much that  
he repeated it over and over again,  
between the various drinks with which  
I strove to soothe his agitated spirits.

It was with some difficulty that I got  
rid of him, in order to set out for my  
El Dorado; that spot from which my  
fortune might spring, like a gigantic  
mushroom, in a single night.

Well, here I was at Stonewall Ridge  
and the very first glimpse of the place  
turned me sick at heart with rage and  
disappointment. The mandarin scound-  
rel, who sold me the claim had assur-  
ed me that a populous city was already  
springing round it, a city with a news-  
paper, a church and a schoolhouse.  
I found a few rows of dismantled log  
cabins, a dreary waste of refuse and  
rubbish, and all the dingy wrecks  
that man flings broadcast on the face  
of the patient earth.

As I entered the deserted "city,"  
the last inhabitant, a tall, bony  
Yankee, was moving out with all his  
goods and chattels. He stared at us  
with amazement.

"You coming to settle here?" he  
asked, with Yankee curiosity.  
"Yes."  
"Got a claim?"  
"Yes. Solomon T. Jones."

The gaunt one grinned.  
"Waal, he's a cute cuss, is Solo-  
mon."

"Have you been prospecting?"  
"Yes."  
"Did you strike oil?"  
"Guess not."

"Did any body?"  
"Guess not."  
My heart sank to my boots.

"Do you mean to say that not one  
of the wells yielded any oil?"

"Nary a well."

"Then it's no use trying any  
more?"

"Waal, stranger, if you bore into  
the bowels of the everlasting yearth,  
you may strike ile; but I'll bet my  
bottom dollar you don't. Slong."

In another minute he was gone,  
and with him disappeared all the  
rose-colored visions that for days had  
been flitting before my imagination.

I turned and looked at the men  
who accompanied me. They were a  
curious couple. One was a negro, a  
jovial son of Africa, all teeth and grins;  
the other, an Englishman once an un-  
dergraduate of Cambridge, now dis-  
sipated, red-nosed, bibulous, a confirm-  
ed drunkard and loafer. The negro  
sat on a broken fence, swinging gaily  
to and fro; the loafer stood gazing  
with bleary-eyed despondency at the  
scene of desolation that surrounded  
him.

"I did not imagine," he said, re-  
proachfully, "I did not imagine that,  
when I agreed to join your party, Mr.  
Drysdale, I should be brought to a  
place so utterly uncivilized as even to  
be without a bar—and the weather  
dreadfully dry, too."

Whereat the jovial negro turned up  
the whites of his eyes and laughed in  
a way that did one good to hear. The  
speech and accent of the loafer were  
entirely out of keeping with his dis-  
reputable appearance, that I felt a  
shock of surprise whenever he opened  
his mouth—which, to do him justice,  
he rarely did, except to quench his il-

limitable thirst. Our future turns on  
trifles. His words were like the last  
straw on the camel's back.

"Confound you," I said angrily,  
"are you going to begin shirking al-  
ready? Why don't you find out the  
claim and get to work, instead of  
skulking about with your hands in  
your pockets, you shuffling old hum-  
bug?"

Why, surely, Mr. Drysdale, you  
don't intend to prosecute this enter-  
prise any further."

"Sir," I shouted, "I'll bore into  
this confounded rock until I reach the  
antipodes before I'll give up, and if  
you want to pocket a single dollar of  
your wages you'd better start work  
at once."

Two or three evenings afterwards I  
was sitting in a dilapidated cabin,  
listening to the monotonous rumble  
of the engine in the adjoining derrick  
house. I had at length grown utterly  
hopeless and desperate. I had staked  
everything I possessed on this last  
chance, and the result was only too  
apparent. Polly was as far removed  
from me as if she had been an empress.  
I saw nothing before me but a lifelong  
and monotonous struggle for a bare  
subsistence. Is it any wonder that  
with a young man's hopeless despair,  
my thoughts turned towards self-  
destruction? My fingers toyed  
mechanically with the revolver, but I  
could not resolve to draw the trigger.  
Indeed, it was with a sense of relief  
that I suddenly remembered I had  
still an imperative duty to perform.  
I had forgotten to write to Polly.

It would be cruel in the extreme to leave  
her in doubt as to my fate, to con-  
demn her to vain waiting and watch-  
ing for a reappearance. Tho' I never  
really swerved from my purpose, I  
must own that I felt like a relieved  
criminal when I rose and walked back  
again to the cabin.

As I was making my way thro' the  
ruined huts I caught sight of a figure  
rushing wildly to and fro, as if in  
search of some one. Drawing nearer  
I could see that it was the negro, who  
was familiarly known as Jumbo. The  
man's antics were so extravagant that  
for a while I believed him to be mad,  
and felt strongly induced to keep out  
of his way. Before I could make up  
my mind he caught sight of me, and  
pounced on me like a hawk.

"Am dat you, boss? Oh, golly, am  
dat you? You come along hyar, jest  
come straight along."

He seized my arm and dragged me  
forward the claim at a speed that  
almost deprived me of breath. I  
struggled and shouted, and made use  
of the strongest language I could think  
of, but without the slightest effect.  
He was powerful and vigorous, with  
muscles of iron and lungs of brass.  
Fortunately, as I thought then, his  
career was brought to a close by an  
unexpected descent into a disused  
tank. He fell underneath and knock-  
ed the breath out of himself, so I  
arose and sat on him, arming myself  
with a stake of wood that happened  
to be handy.

"What's the meaning of all this?"  
I panted. "Have you gone raving  
mad?"

"Hel' by golly: ile! ile!"  
"What?"

"Dat are darned old well am spout-  
ing like Joner's whale."

In another second I was running at  
full speed toward the derrick, follow-  
ed by Jumbo, hurrahing at the pitch  
of his voice. I found the loafer  
standing in the moonlight, smoking  
an ancient and fragmentary clay,  
while he contemplated with peaceful  
serenity, a dark, and evil-smelling  
liquid gurgling swiftly into the open  
tanks.

"In a week from now," he remark-  
ed with pensive hopefulness; "there  
will be a drinking saloon in the im-  
mediate neighborhood."

He was right. There were several  
In a fortnight the whole district was  
alive with men, and the smoke went  
curling up from a hundred houses.  
My good fortune seemed to me at the  
time to be little short of a miracle;  
but the explanation is a simple one.  
The other prospectors had missed the  
vein by only a score of yards or so;  
and had Solomon T. Jones bored 200  
feet deeper than he did, he would  
have struck oil in the very well he  
imagined worthless. Before the news  
of my discovery leaked out and affect-  
ed the market, I had communicated  
with an agent in Oil City, who sold  
as much oil as he could place for me  
at 85 to 90 cents per barrel. The  
well spouted 2,000 or 3,000 barrels a  
day, and I easily fulfilled my contracts.  
Then when the news began to spread,  
and all the "wildcaters" in the  
neighborhood came thronging as thick  
as flies in summer, and the price of

oil came down with a run, I sold out  
to a company, and found myself the  
possessor of a sum far in excess of my  
most sanguine expectations. I gave a  
substantial bonus to Jumbo and the  
loafer, and was even foolish enough  
to send a check to the swindler Jones,  
who had sold me the claim.

Then I set out for England as fast  
as rail and steam could carry me.  
The time was growing short, the year  
perilously near its close, and I was  
haunted by a constant dread that  
some accident would delay me, and  
prevent me arriving in time to pay off  
the mortgage. Of course, the most  
sensible way to accomplish my object  
would have been to make an arrange-  
ment with one of the New York  
bankers, so that a telegram to my  
solicitors on the other side would  
have settled the business at once. But  
I was such in a state of excitement and  
so ignorant of business arrangements  
that the idea never occurred to me.  
Even when New York had long ago  
faded in the distance, and we were  
churning our way across the Atlantic,  
I remained restless and uneasy. I  
paced ceaselessly up and down the  
deck, quite unable to take any share  
in the amusements and occupations  
with which my fellow-passengers  
succeeded in whiling away the time.  
Indeed, I made myself a perfect  
nuisance with my constant question-  
ing, and badgered the unfortunate captain  
till he fairly swore at me.

In spite of my presentiments of evil,  
we made a fairly quick passage, and  
arrived at Liverpool several hours  
sooner than we anticipated. The  
moment I got free of the custom  
house, I jumped into a hansom and  
drove full speed to the central station.  
The rest of the story is brief. Polly,  
faithful to her lover, had persistently  
refused to be sold to a life of hapless  
luxury. With such substantial proofs  
of wealth as I could now show, it did  
not take long to win the consent of  
old Ganson, and Polly and "The  
Willows" were mine forever.—*Boston  
Herald.*

The Appetite of Birds.

Of all animals, birds possess the  
quickest motions, the most energetic  
respiration, and the warmest blood,  
and they consequently undergo the  
most rapid change of substance and  
need the most food. Although few  
creatures are so pleasing to the aes-  
thetic tastes of a poetically inclined  
person as birds, the breeder knows  
that most of them are to be looked  
upon as hearty or excessive eaters.  
Any one who closely observes birds  
and their conduct will soon remark  
that all their thoughts and efforts,  
aside from the few days they spend in  
wooing and their short periods of rest-  
ing, are directed to getting something  
to eat. With what restless earnest-  
ness do titmice plunge through the  
bushes and the trees! Not a leaf is  
uninvestigated, every chink in the  
bark is examined for whatever eatable  
it may be hiding, and a sharp look is  
cast into every joint of a branch.

How industriously does the osprey turn  
and thrash the leaves on the ground  
of the woods all day long, spying its  
game with a glance of its sharp eye,  
and snapping it up on the instant! After  
observing a few such incidents we  
can easily believe the stories that  
are related of the fish-eating porpoise  
of the cormorant and of the fruit-eat-  
ing birds that are able to consume  
three times their weight every day.—  
*Popular Science Monthly.*

A Northern California Forest.

Here the trees, of gigantic pro-  
portions, grow in such close contigu-  
ity that it seemed a battle of life  
through lack of space; and the trail  
I followed narrowed until horse and  
rider had barely room to pass between  
the trees. The outspreading branches,  
interlocked in inextricable entangle-  
ment, formed a solid canopy of fol







## NEW YORK

### TWO SOCIETIES MEET.

#### Personal Mention.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

On Thursday evening, the C. L. & B. U. meeting took place, the business under way being the nominating of new officers. The ticket presented by the committee is one that shows they knew their business, and if the regular ticket is successful at the election a week from hence, the C. L. & B. U. will be congratulated on having made the best selection of officers since its inception.

On the same evening, the resuscitated Manhattan Literary Association was the means of attracting some fifteen of its old time adherents on that evening. President Ekardt, who has held the office through the long wait for new recruits, presided, and conducted his duties in a creditable manner. It can not be said the present time is altogether favorable for a great revival in this direction, but with the beginning of the fall term, the number of new applicants will be largely increased, and New York will once again be able to boast of a genuine literary organization.

There is a way, among a good many of the mutes of this city, on being questioned in regard to joining the Association to come out with a drawl, "They will wait and see how it gets along," that is enough to give a person the ague. They may be very smart, and are, no doubt, in their own estimation, towers of strength and influence. That may be all right as far as it goes (with them), but it rests with us to say they would be considered ten times smarter, were they all to use their strength and influence by using it to advantage in joining some organization of their own class, and of this latter, the Manhattan Literary Association is worthy of all their support.

For once, at least, the past two Sundays have proved our Mayor is determined to have the laws enforced, and the consequence is the temperance people feel highly elated, while those who have been in the habit of having their due allowance of the foaming lager, or more invigorating hard stuff, find it disappointing, as every saloon has been shut tight, with shades all up and the interior exposed to the full view of the passer-by, while the owners have taken a holiday with the rest of the community. Last Sunday it was especially blue, and a peculiar feature of this turn of affairs is the number of men to be seen on the streets. But New York's loss is New Jersey's gain, and the large army of men that crossed over to that part of the country last Sunday, goes to show that when the tempting fluid cannot be had at home, it will be had some place else, no matter what the cost or how far the distance one must go to get it.

The excursion Committee leave Saturday for a two days' stay at the Gallaudet Home, where they will make arrangements with a caterer from Poughkeepsie, to have a spread ready for those who attend on the 26th of July, and we learn they are to leave orders to have all the cows muzzled, this being necessary from the number of fresh young fellows who are expected to attend.

The tickets are going faster than was anticipated, which is a reminder you need to buy one early, unless you do not mind paying \$1.50 for a railway pass, and lose the enjoyment of the sail up the glorious Hudson.

#### PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. J. P. Donohue, who is known to many as "Clown" Donohue, is conducting his undertaking establishment in a very creditable manner, and has been the recipient of many congratulating letters from parties for whom he has done business.

Miss Gussie Berley, taking advantage of the short walk that divides her from Miss Caddie B. Felver, made her presence felt by a call on the latter, last Sunday evening, and together they made it enjoyable for "Snooks" by their descriptions of the latest in bangs, etc.

Miss Alice Hatch was deeply impressed with the bravado of the Poet LeClerc when he bade his adieu after a pleasant days' visit at the home of her aunt in Mt. Vernon Sunday, by the way he took tracks for the railroad depot, with a vision of "tramps" in his mind and a five-cent toy pistol of his little brother in his hand.

I. N. Soper was over in Jersey last week, looking up a strawberry field. He says he did fifty miles, but nary a one. However, he will have them when June comes round, and some one else says she will have plenty of cream ready too.

Mr. J. H. Dundon was among those present at the exhibition Thursday evening. The Register's Office seems to agree with him, and altogether he appears to be the Jack he was when we saw him "catch a crab" over the New York Institution dock.

Base ball and Captain Shelton of the were-to-be-Blooders are extremely quiet, which makes us think the way the Felix nine did up the Alerts has rather frightened our base ball enthusiasts.

Tom Brown and Jim Mahoney are off and on every other week. When Tom sees Jim he accuses him of trying to take his girl, and when Jim sees Tom he does likewise. Tom

generally gets the best of it, and so the paths of these two like "true love never runs smooth."

Steps are being taken to get up a fishing party some time the fore part of July, and there appears to be a light boon by about a dozen in this direction.

"Irrepressible" Bond, "Genial" Tom, and the immaculate George Lucias Reynolds are thinking on how many will be at the Brooklyn Society's room on the 25th, to see what Mr. E. A. Hodgson has been "thinking."

MONTAGUE TROG.

#### Florida Jottings.

There are very few mutes in Florida, consequently I cannot gather much news which is interesting to the mutes in general, but I manage to send some items.

Joseph Mosnatt came down from Atlanta, Ga., to look after his land in Sumter county. He tried to cultivate it, but got tired of it, having no experience in this line, and returned to his trade of picking type in Atlanta two weeks ago. I advise him to get married and settle down, as it is impossible for a man to get along on a farm without a wife.

James Wendell, a mute tourist (both on foot and railroad), claiming to hail from Philadelphia, has been doing the "Land of Flowers" the past season. A few weeks ago, he came to Jacksonville to find some work. While trying to reach a house through the yard in order to ask for work, he was set upon by terrible bulldozers and was bitten in several places. He was sent to the County Hospital, where he remained nearly two weeks, and got nearly well. He then left, and made for Atlanta on the way to the happy land of "Solid Muldoon," where there are no "dorgs" to bother mute peddlers.

By the way, can't "Solid Muldoon" send to the writer a sample copy of his new paper. Address, care of Herald office.

Matt. D. Lyon is still in Welaka, wrestling with his work in shop and the alligators.

Charles P. Fosdick is prospering on his grove near Longwood, has had a new house done up and is happy. He is an industrious man. When he first came here three or four years ago, he found his grove in a neglected state by his agent, but he pulled off his coat, and went to work in fixing it up and restored it, and is now all serene.

The Florida Legislature has just sent a committee of fifteen to see how fifteen pupils at the St. Augustine Deaf School are getting along. I expect to see a voluminous report, which they will make to the Legislature.

I am sorry to see Mr. W. K. Chase, (an entire stranger to me), gave a discouraging and erroneous account of Florida in his letter to the JOURNAL last winter. He must have left this state some five or six years, as Florida has changed a great deal since an influx of emigrants has come and cultivated wild lands, and now we have all kinds of luxuries. Strawberries, tomatoes, pears and other vegetables, have been in market since March 1st, and green corn, melons, etc., are coming in a week or two. Malaria fever is everywhere in the world, especially in new lands and swampy places, and can easily be cured. All mutes here never catch it yet. An industrious settler can make a very good living here, and many have made fortunes. As to land swindling, oh, it is every where, especially for new lands. There are plenty of reliable agents right down in this city, and the emigrant ought to come down to see the land and agent in person instead of buying it from swindlers in big cities, and then growl at the innocent Florida. It takes long to answer more of Mr. Chase's misstatements, but the above is sufficient. If he will come down this year, he will find a great change here.

MERCURY.

JACKSONVILLE, May 12.

#### Circleville, Ohio.

The National Deaf-Mute Convention to be held at Washington, D. C., August 1888, seems to be the topic of conversation among the mutes of this place. They all want to go, but most likely only two or three of us will go if nothing occurs to prevent. We hope, however, that it will be an immense affair, for a gathering of this nature will be something new for our class of people. Besides this, there are plenty of attractions in the National Capital to abundantly repay us to make the trip.

Mr. Alonzo Kingry, of Orient, Pickaway Co., had arranged to go to Portsmouth, Ohio, and Ashland, Ky., last Saturday, and was to stop over at this city to see me, but he came not and I was sorely disappointed, for he is such an agreeable companion. I hope, however, that he will yet come soon.

I met a speaking lady recently in this city, who said she knew and was well acquainted with the Bards of Portsmouth. Mrs. Simon Kingry, of this county, is one of them. This lady spoke highly of all of them as being among the best people of Portsmouth.

We are glad to hear of our good friends, Messrs. Dundon, the famous mute pitcher, and Willie Sawhill, as making for themselves a good record as base ballists. Dundon's name is famous all over the union, and as for Sawhill, well this is his first year with a club of any importance, and we look forward to the day when his fame will be equal to Dundon's.

The weather, the trees, the flowers and the earth's green carpet, are all at their highest color at this writing, and the words, "Gentle Spring," can be

put down—no other time better than now. In other words, everything is looking their very best now, but still fall is and has always been my favorite season of the year.

The Columbus Deaf-Mute Literary Society contemplate having a picnic about July 4th, within a radius of fifty miles of that city. The place has not yet been selected, but there are many attractive ones to select from and the one that is selected, we hope, will be satisfactory to all. This will be our society's first picnic, and we hope the mutes in general will turn out en masse and have a "dandy" time of it. A picnic is a picnic, and if we have one, we want a "picnic" in every sense of the word, as people generally say when they return from where they had such a good time. Oh! we just had a picnic.

The deaf mutes at near Toledo expect to have a picnic also, some time this summer. They had one last summer, and it proved very enjoyable, so they think they will have one annually. We would like ever so well to be present at their next, as most likely they will have it out on some island in the beautiful Lake Erie, which is a famous place for picnickers to hold their picnics and other pleasant gatherings.

ROBIN HOOD.

May 17, 1887.

#### PHILADELPHIA.

DE L'EPEE ASSOCIATION—GENERALITIES.

The second regular meeting of the De l'Epee Catholic Deaf-Mute Association was held in its hall, Sunday, 15th inst. The main business being the installation of the newly-elected officers, the meeting was, therefore, called to order by temporary Chairman McCarthy. After prayer by Rev. Father Lebreton and the calling of the rolls, the installations were begun with, and the newly-elected officers, after making addresses appropriate for the occasion, were then formally introduced into office.

The Association has begun the second year of its existence with a success, probably unparalleled and unprecedented in the annals of deaf-mute religious organizations. Its success is due to the great interest taken in it by its members, and especially to Rev. Lebreton, its highly esteemed spiritual Director, whose labors for its promotion have been phenomenal. It is the greatest aid to the Mission recently established by Archbishop Ryan, and over which Father Lebreton has sole charge. Without its existence, the mission among the older Catholic mutes would presumably be fruitless, as they could not be gotten together so easy as they are at present, and the ministrations would evidently be confined to the younger mutes, especially those who are pupils of the Pennsylvania Institution, who, through the liberality of Principal Croner, are permitted to attend the divine services of the Church.

Then it is not to be wondered that the Association is so deserving of the success it is most justly acquiring. It should be stated for the benefit of the Catholic mutes in Philadelphia, who are not members, but who, it is hoped, will soon become so, that the Association is about to remove to a larger hall, where it will occupy more spacious apartments, which will contain all the requirements for social and intellectual improvement.

The principal subjects occupying the attention of the members are, the lecture to be delivered before the Association, on the last meeting of June, by Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett, one of Pennsylvania's distinguished representatives in the National College, and the second grand excursion to Atlantic City.

Mr. Lipsett will lecture on the "Life of Joan of Arc," which will be the opening of a series of lectures to be given during the term just begun. It is looked upon with great interest, as the gentleman designated is noted here for the clearness and gracefulness of his delivery.

The excursion will most certainly be the greatest success, socially and financially.

The little mission chapel of St. Francis De Sales was made still more beautiful by the placing of a recently imported statue of the Great Saint on a handsome marble pedestal near the right side of the altar. It represents the revered Saint in an erect position, with quill and book in hand, in the attitude of transcribing some great discourse on Christianity. It is three feet high and was modelled in Paris. It is said and it seems to be the most exact image of the Saint extant in this country. A solemn requiem mass was celebrated for the repose of the soul of the late Michael Finn in the chapel, on Monday, the 9th inst., and was largely attended by the members of the De l'Epee Association and the relatives of the deceased.

Father Lebreton, who was greatly indisposed the past three months, is through his old malady and has resumed his pastoral duties to the deaf and his French congregation.

The members of the De l'Epee Association would like to hear through the columns of the JOURNAL, concerning their prosperous branch in Boston, and it is hoped that its gallant young correspondent will prove his enterprise by writing a column or so of news. A full statement, referring to the affairs of the De l'Epee Association and its successful mission, will appear in the columns of the JOURNAL from time to time, which, it is trusted, will be interesting reading for its many Catholic subscribers.

VIDI.

## FANWOOD.

The Pupils Exhibit at the Broadway Tabernacle.

### ANNUAL MEETING OF LIFE MEMBERS.

Both Occasions Witnessed by Throngs of Interested Visitors.

HERE AND ROUNDABOUT.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

The first of the Annual Exhibitions, given by the pupils of the New York Institution, took place at the Broadway Tabernacle, corner of 34th Street, on Thursday evening, May 12th, commencing at eight o'clock. The Tabernacle, which has a large seating capacity, was comfortably filled with interested visitors, who seemed to wonder at (with great admiration) the brilliancy displayed by the pupils in the various branches of learning.

Rev. Dr. Stoddard offered prayer, and after a few preliminary remarks by Hon. Enoch L. Fancher, LL.D., the President of the Board of Directors, the exercises commenced under the direction of the Principal, Isaac Lewis Peet, LL.D. He illustrated, with several pupils scarcely over five years of age, and but a short time under instruction, how they receive their primary lessons by being familiarized with the names of various objects in common use, such as the jug, the hat, the adze, etc., and then he went on to show the various stages which the pupils go through until they reach the academic class.

The address, written with the type writer, in the presence of the audience, by Richard T. Clinton, a blind, deaf-mute, was an interesting feature of the occasion, and was a good proof that, in spite of a person being bereft of all the enjoyments of hearing, speech and sight, he is not denied the blessed boon of receiving an education. So touching was his address, that some of the people present gave vent to their sympathy by presenting him with sums of money.

The practical exhibition of the workings of the Department of Art, under Madame Sarah E. Le Prince, impressed the audience with the fact that the pupils are also skilled in free hand drawing.

Besides there were included on the programme, exercises in the combination of words into sentences, by an intermediate class of boys, taught by Prof. E. H. Currier; Pantomimic representation, by W. G. Jones; Hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," given in signs by a choir of girls; Studies in Anatomy, by a class of girls, taught by Miss Ida Montgomery, with manual recitation of "The Skeleton," by Ella F. Taylor; dialogue in signs, between Martin Schleich and May C. Cronin; responsive oral reading of the Twenty-third Psalm, by John Hogan and Frank Stryker; illustrations of the method of teaching lip-reading; answers to questions proposed by the audience, by the High Class, taught by Profs. Bishop, Currier, Fox and Miss Montgomery; Psalm of Life, given by the girls in concerted signs, and also in the same way the Lord's Prayer. Several interesting parts of the programme were omitted, for want of time, which included Collins' "Ode to Music," by Georgie Decker; Oral recitation, First Day Thoughts, by May Martin, and Break, Break, Break, by Virginia Lovell, which would have been the most interesting had they been called upon to recite.

The New York Times reporter seems to have a very vague idea of what the New York Institution is, for in speaking of Richard Clinton, the blind deaf-mute, wrote as much as to say that the inmates of the deaf and dumb institution were all blind.

#### SIXTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY.

The Institution hoisted its flag on Tuesday, the 17th, in honor of the Sixty-Ninth Anniversary of the establishment of the School. Not a cloud obscured the sky, the air was soft and pleasant and the Institution byways were their best spring attire, while dotted here and there could be seen dogwood trees in their full bloom.

By two o'clock vehicles of every description came streaming in, people, old and young, wended their way through the lawns of velvety green, and entered the main building, where an exhibition was given in connection with the annual meeting of the life members. The parlors were thrown open, the vases filled with choice flowers, a large branch of dogwood graced the chapel entrance, and the air was filled with their sweet fragrance.

The exhibition did not annihilate the time as former occasions of a like nature did, but much was shown in little, and that little was greatly appreciated. As some of the parts were similar in some respects to the exhibition at Broadway Tabernacle, we will give only a few instances, among which were: Passions and Emotions by Miss Georgie Decker, Psalm of Life in concerted signs, by a class of girls, and oral recitation by Miss Jennie Lovell. Messrs. John H. Geary, Stanley Robinson and Frank M. Honck, and the Misses C. Peterson, Mabelle Fish and May Martin, were required to answer questions proposed by the audience. Some of the questions were like the following: What is your opinion of

the present labor agitation? What can you say about Decoration Day? What is the Queen's Jubilee, about which we hear so much of late? What accomplishment is most useful to a woman? The answers were able and intelligent, and demonstrated not only good rhetoric, but an acquaintance with the various topics of the day.

The answer to this last question, written by May Martin, is so neat and concise that we append it:

Since a woman's true sphere lies in home as a faithful wife and mother, the most useful acquirement to her will be that which enables her to occupy her sphere in a fitting manner. Above all, she must be a skillful cook, for we cannot live without food, and if she would win the favor of the "lords of creation," she must not serve them to burnt steak, or sprinkle the onions with "Johnny Club," as I read of one young housekeeper doing. How we girls do wish for a cooking school here. Our hearts are well nigh sick with "hope deferred," but when the millennial day that brings one to us dawns, I prophesy that the Fanwood girls will be known far and wide for their skill in preparing most delectable and digestible viands.

But sewing and art are very important also. A knowledge of art comes handy very often in daily life, and it is a woman's duty to make her home attractive (in doing which Art helps so much) to save her husband and boys from the temptations of bar-room and street. Some people think it a waste of time to paint and embroider. Must we give up two such useful methods of training the eyes, hands, mind and taste? Why there are people with talents for these two arts born into the world? I am sure God never gives any one a talent that should be wasted in a napkin and buried out of sight.

After the exhibition, the visitors repaired to the art studios, where there was an abundant proof to show the steady progress of the department under its Managing Professor, Madame Le Prince. From the rough sketches with charcoal and pencil, to the more delicate work which requires patience, perseverance and skill, such as painting in oil and water colors and painting on China, designing, modelling, etc., were evidences that this branch of education is designed to be of much usefulness to those who are fortunate enough to receive instruction. The workshops also received their share of attention, and much interest seemed to be manifested by the people in all they saw.

Only a few deaf mutes from outside were present. Noticeable among them were Mr. Haight, of Goshen, N. Y., Albert Ballin, of Hoboken, Philip Tobin, Mrs. Keilt and Mrs. Alexander Dezenendorf, of Brooklyn, and F. Meinken and McDonald, of New York.

Miss Johnson, of Montgomery, N. Y., an intimate friend of Miss Georgie Decker, was present at the exhibition, and remained over the following day. She had a host of admirers.

The Olympic Base Ball Club, which is under the management of Mr. C. Mann, played a match game with the Brownies B. Club, under the management of Mr. E. H. Carrier, last Saturday. The former defeated the latter, as follows:

BROWNIES		O. O.		OLYMPICS		R. O.	
Baxter, c	2	3		Snyder, 1b	6	0	
Glynn, rf	2	4		Cox, 2b	2	3	
Pechetti, p	2	3		Goor, 3b	3	3	
Combs, ss	3	2		Stauch, if	2	4	
Miller, 3b	1	3		Betz, ss	2	4	
Schmidt, if	4	4		Hackett, p	2	3	
Watson, 2b	3	2		Powers, rf	2	2	
Maynard, c	3	2		Ayres, c	2	4	
				Roberts, cf	4	2	
20		24		26		24	

SCORE BY INNINGS.		1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9								
Brownies	0	5	1	5	0	4	2	3	—30	
Olympics	1	0	4	2	0	8	2	9	—36	
Home run, Watson and Powers. Umpire, Mr. Mann.										

The new supervisor chosen to fill the place left vacant by William A. Emmons is a hearing man. His name is Safford, a friend of the present supervisor, Mr. Mallely, and is to all appearances a very pleasant and intelligent man. In spite of the fact that all the supervisors of the boys have had little experience with the deaf and dumb, the discipline seems to be just as good as ever.

Matron Joyce, of the Mansion House, has gone away for the benefit of her health, and will not resume her duties again until the opening of the next session. Miss Brown, formerly employed in the linen department, has been appointed to succeed her for the time being.

The Alert Reserves played a game of ball with a picked nine from Carmansville last Saturday, for one dollar and seventy-five cents a side. It is claimed by the mutes that the hearing nine cheated, and for that reason they refused to play the game out.

Prof. E. H. Currier's lecture before the Fanwood Literary Association last Saturday evening, was a very able and interesting one. His subject was "Superstition," and he gave brief examples of the superstitious beliefs of ignorant people of the present day.

#### AQUILA.

#### A LITTLE MIXED.

A school master, who pride himself on apt quotations, visited a school for the deaf and dumb, and was invited to make a few remarks, as there were many visitors that day. Immediately the familiar quotation, "The shallows murmur, yet the deeps are dumb," occurred to him, and he proceeded to use it. "As some poet, whose name I do not recall at this moment has beautifully observed, 'The deeps murmur—I mean the shallows are deep—that is to say, the dumb shallows murmur—in the deep—among the dumb—oh, dumb it! I don't know what I mean!' and he sat down amid great applause." Texas Siftings.

#### WANTED.

A deaf-mute shoemaker, first-class workman. One who can write good English preferred.

Address: MAYER REICH, 160 East 44th Street, New York.

Subscribe for THE DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

## PHILADELPHIA.

### The Guild Meeting.

#### ELECTION OF THE OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

Twin Brothers—Personals Here and There—Odds and Ends—Notes, etc.

(From our Philadelphia Correspondent.)

On Thursday evening last, in compliance with the request of Rev. Mr. Syle, who wrote postal cards to deaf-mute ladies and gentlemen to attend the meeting of the Guild, there were present a goodly number. The business transacted mainly referred to the treasurer's report, and other things, among which were the election of managers and committees. Rev. Mr. Syle announced with a cheerful face that \$7,000 was contributed for the Guild, the sum which was unexpectedly larger than was supposed, and it was through the efforts of the ladies who labored so hard to help the Guild—a sum of \$3,500, which was the result of their valuable services. The Board of Managers was elected as follows, for the term of four and two years respectively: Messrs. Cullingworth and Higgins, four years; Mr. Reider, two years. The committee of the Ladies' Pastoral Aid Society was officered as follows: Madames Roop, Syle, Vancourt, Zeigler, Harrison, Cullingworth, and Misses Cooley and Parker. Rev. Mr. Syle said that both ladies and gentlemen who are members of the Guild can be elected officers of the Guild, but the ladies respectfully declined to act as officers, consequently the three above-named gentlemen were elected. Every then went on smoothly, and a harmonious meeting was had.

#### UNITED IN WEDLOCK.

A letter was received a few days since from some friend in Harrisburgh, to the effect that Mr. John Deise, a printer, working in Harrisburgh, was married to Miss Ada Smith, of Reading, Pa., on last Thursday. The happy couple settled down in the capital city, and received congratulations. Mr. Deise formerly belonged in Lock Haven, Pa.

#### HE NEEDS AN EAR TRUMPET.

Oh, very deaf is the tyrant's ear  
To the captive doomed to die;  
The slave's heart is slow to hear  
The poor slave's pining cry.  
The deaf hears not the cry of pain  
That wracks the prisoner's soul,  
Unheard is the beggar's plaintive strain  
As he turns from the rich man's door.  
Oh, very deaf to her savior's strains  
Is a coquette's heartless mirth,  
But a horse-car conductor, when it rains,  
Is the deafest thing on earth.—Ed. Biss.

#### A SUCCESSFUL MANUFACTURER.

Mr. Harry Brandt, of this city, is a manufacturer in woolen goods, such as infants leggings, mittens, etc. He reports business very good. What a courageous man, he is! Experience and careful management insures for him a successful venture.

#### HE GOT THERE!

Robert Jackson, having been thrown out for employment for some time, has secured a position at painting, in a car shop at Shamokin, Pa., fourteen miles from here. Bobby, stick to your job, and you will be a man!

#### ARE THEY TWIN BROTHERS?

As your scribe was going up Filbert Street to the church, he caught a glimpse of two young men wearing a light brown hats and bran new clothes from foot to head. They seemed to be twin brothers. He found his mistake, and shook hands with them. They sported dude-looking clothes, and in a gentlemanly manner seem to be the lions of this city. Every body said they were dandies. One is from Manayunk, a weaver by trade, and the other from the Quakertown, an artist by profession. Now I give out the names of the gentlemen from Europe—Mr. Zell and Mr. Stull(-)well. The clothes are not ready made. They were made by a fashionable English tailor.

#### PERSONALS HERE AND THERE.

Herbert Scott, of West Chester, Pa., was among the church visitors. He has several trades—jack of all trades—and is a successful business man, it seems to me.

Rumors are rife that Mr. Spy contemplates making another removal. He does not like his location and will move soon.

Mrs. Rankin has moved to Twenty-second Street and Columbia Avenue, from Ninth Street, on which street she has lived over sixty years. She will rent her three-story house. She says there was so much noise on the street that she decided to move and live in a quiet neighborhood.

Mrs. Washington Houston will spend a month's vacation in a country place in New Jersey in July.

Mrs. Sibitzky informed your reporter that her husband is doing well in Newark, N. J., but she does not know whether she would go there to live with him. Fred told her he would let her know when he is sure of steady work.

Mrs. Paulin informed me that the letter of Type Slinger, in the JOURNAL last March, concerning her salve business, attracted the attention of two old friends living in Maryland and Canada, and they sent her money to forward them some salves by express. She was surprised that the JOURNAL had so many subscribers in such distant places.

Philadelphia deaf-mutes are ball enthusiasts. Whenever the New Yorks were defeated by the Phillies,

they said "Fergy" did it. They are sure that the Phillies will win the pennant, and the New Yorks get fourth or fifth place.

Pitcher Dundon was knocked out of the box last week in one of the games played against the Bisons. Six runs were made, and he was retired in favor of another pitcher, he going to right field. The Sporting Life says his arm gave out in the first inning.

Rynn, formerly backstop of the famous Independent Club, of which Dundon was a pitcher, is engaged as change catcher of the Sandusky (O.) Club, State League.

Philadelphia should be proud of claiming the oldest deaf-mutes living, whose ages range from sixty to seventy-seven, respectively. There are about six aged persons here who are active and their sight very good. Among them is Joseph Tindall, whose age is seventy-five. He still sets type in Sherman & Co.'s printing office, and has served over fifty-five years at the case. He says he likes to work, and does not like to be idle. He is active, and rises early in the morning, and retires early, at 9 p.m.

#### ODDS AND ENDS.

Memorial day occurs this year on Monday. Do not spend money, save it and enjoy it on the day of Independence.

One cent saved is earned, as long as it is earned, you will be ahead on the Fourth of July.

Remember the Ladies' Pastoral Aid Society. Give them a helping hand, and may the Society put in a handsome sum in the treasury.

A certain mute reading an advertisement in a daily paper some time ago, in which a soap concern would give away on application 1,000 washing machines. He wrote for one of the machines, and received some soap and a wash rag. He said it was a humbug, and swore that he would never read advertisements any more.

No one can deny that the Quaker City now presents a creditable and respectable appearance on Sunday. No citizen can feel but proud of his city, as he walks on the principal streets, and sees the quiet and order, which have taken the place of other scenes not long ago, under Mayor Smith's administration. Director Stokley should be credited with the result of the quiet now reigned here.

The Syracuse Herald on Saturday last, said that



# HOW THE SULTANS AMUSE THEMSELVES.

(Emile Julliard, in the May Cosmopolitan.)

The amusements of the Sultans vary much according to the age in which they live, and according to their temperament and their particular tastes. Murad IV. took pleasure in cutting off the head of a slave every morning, in order to give him an appetite; and the most moderate historians place the number of murders that he ordered or committed with his own hand at more than a hundred thousand. One of his favorite distractions was to have men and women, whom he caused to be stripped before him, thrown upon iron hooks fastened in a high wall. These unfortunates remained hanging by the flesh, suffered frightfully for a long time in this horrible position, and were delivered only by death. One day he had a dozen children disemboweled, in order to find in their stomachs an apple that had just been stolen in his garden.

Murad united drunkenness to these amiable tastes. His excesses having finally brought upon him a serious malady, he succeeded, contrary to all hopes, in escaping death. When he felt himself beyond danger, he celebrated his good fortune by a nocturnal orgy, drinking with his wives more deeply than ever. A Turkish poet of the time celebrated this exploit in a song, the hyperboles of which are almost untranslatable: "Murad, that sublime emanation from Heaven, was torn from the arms of the maiden of the vine whom he loved distractedly, and his divine image was no longer reflected in the maternal cup, which, for so many years, had gleamed for him upon the voluptuous couch. At the dawn of Beirman, the master of the universe permitted the delicious fluid to sparkle under his eyes in the intoxicating cup, and he began again to touch with his divine and ruby lips the crystal in which smiled the golden draught."

What the poet does not say, is, that when Murad had dipped his divine and ruby lips in the enchanting cup, he also dipped his divine and ruby hands in the blood of his subjects. After his supper, which almost ended in an orgy, he ran into the streets grazed with drink, saber in hand, and killed those that he met. During the day, he posted himself behind a window of the seraglio, and hurled poisoned arrows at the passers-by. When he went out, he had some Janissaries, armed with clubs, accompany him, and they beat to death the unfortunate ones that they encountered upon their way.

Other times bring other manners and other tastes. The soul of Sultan Abdul Aziz has no occasion to reproach itself with any murder during its sojourn upon earth; and he could discount M. Greys himself in his eagerness to save the lives of those condemned to death. His lips never knew the taste of spirits, wine, nor tobacco; but he loved cock-fighting passionately, and he busied himself more with these turbulent winged creatures than with his wives and ministers. He invited pasha, chamberlains, and generals to these tournaments, for which he had a kind of arena, or enclosed space, constructed within the enclosure of the seraglio. He cheered on the one that seemed to be weakening, and those about him, all belated, naturally mingled their voices with that of their master. A jury, selected by the Highness from the dignitaries of the empire, had to announce the victor and bestow the prize upon him.

One day one of these cocks distinguished himself so much that Abdul Aziz directed that he be treated with especial consideration. He called him the grand vizir in the presence of the veritable official himself.

The thing next to cocks that Abdul Aziz loved most was his menagerie, a splendid collection of animals, especially rich in ferocious beasts. For a time he was possessed with a passion for parrots; but he soon withdrew from this brilliant society, and one day he opened their prison and drove them away. The birds took flight to Pera, and what was the surprise of the inhabitants of that Christian suburb, when they saw beat down upon their roofs and against their windows a swarm of parrots, macaws, and cockatoos, which seemed to have fallen from Heaven.

## Chinese Mind Reading.

Long Chin Foo, a New York Chinese editor, says of mind reading in China, or "flowing knowledge." "There is one of these living in the city of Canton, China, who beats Messrs. Bishop and Montague of Boston, America, by at least ten points. This 'flowing knowledge' of the flowery kingdom not only reads the thoughts and detects the actions of his patients who come to see him, but could go so far as to be able to tell who was to be his next caller, giving the day and the hour, and even to the very cent the caller would have in his pocket, and the exact portion that he (Lew Jee) was to get out of it.

But, unlike his American rivals, his knowledge only extends to thirty-six patients in each day, that being the limit of his power on each day. It is also very singular that such knowledge begins to flow at 10 A.M. and falls about 4 P.M. regularly for the past two years.

The Chinese say, that in order to obtain such wonderful foresight, a man must be in silent prayers to the gods for the period of thirty-six years; a bowl of rice and water each day to encourage him. At the end of his prayers, just before the setting sun dwindled down into temporary oblivion, cut off the head of a ten years

old boy with a sacred sword, under the drooping boughs of a weeping willow, then swear at the bleeding head of a chicken that he would never tell a lie."

## LIFE AT SEA.

HOW THEY STAND WATCHES ON AN OCEAN STEAMER.

The officers and sailors are divided into two watches, and keep watch from the time of her departure from one port till the time of arrival at the other. These watches are: First watch, from 8 P.M. till midnight; middle watch, from midnight till 4 A.M.; forenoon watch, from 4 A.M. till noon; afternoon watch, from noon till 4 P.M. then come the dog watches, the first from 4 P.M. till 6 P.M. the second, from 6 P.M. till 8 P.M. By this arrangement seven instead of six watches are made, the intention being to change the turn of the night watch every 24 hours. By the way, it was facetiously remarked by Theodore Hook, that the term dog watch comes from these watches being "curtailed." The chief officer, third and fifth officers, and half the sailors are in one watch, (the port watch); the second, fourth and sixth officers and half the sailors make up the starboard watch. When the chief officer is on deck, he is stationed on the bridge where the telegraphs to the engine room, wheelhouse and other parts of the vessel are fixed; the third officer is on the lookout bridge, forward and the fifth officer is at the con, attending to the steering of the ship; two of the sailors are stationed as far forward as possible as lookout men, one sailor is stationed at the crank hatch to pass an order to the engine room should anything go wrong with the telegraph to the engine room, and a quartermaster is stationed in the after wheelhouse to attend to the steering engine and also to look after the wheel chains; in thick weather the lookouts are doubled, and in heavy weather additional men are stationed in the after wheelhouse to put the brakes on the circle on the rudder head should anything go wrong with the wheel chains, steering engine, etc., in which case the hand steering gear could be attached in less than a minute; the remaining part of the watch, under the boatswain, attend to making or shortening sail, washing decks, etc. When the starboard watch comes on deck the second officer relieves the chief officer, the fourth the third officer, and the sixth the fifth officer, the lookouts, etc., being relieved by members of the watch coming on duty. Every care and attention is paid by the officers and lookouts, or it would be impossible to navigate ocean steamers as safely as is done. This routine is carried on from the beginning till the end of the passage, and through sunshine and darkness, storm and tempest, the only change is removing the lookout men from the fore end of the ship, where they might have a chance of being washed away, to the lookout bridge, or even to the main bridge, but this latter is only done in very bad weather.—Good Words.

## The Man and the Hen.

A STORY OF VEXATION OF SPIRIT.

Your mission is to make the world about you a little brighter and happier. If you haven't thought of any other way of doing this permit me to suggest, if you have a little place in the country, that you should keep hens. By all means keep hens. I don't keep any myself; I am rather fond of easy missions, but my neighbor does, and the amount of sunshine that man throws across my daily path would be hard to estimate. Many an hour that would otherwise drag heavily away is lightened with smiles by the amusing and at times thrilling and exciting drama of "The Man and the Hen." To watch him come out of the house to drive an old brown hen into the hennery—I made up my mind that she was an old imbecile the first time I saw her fly up on the fence to lay an egg—to note the delicate shadings of thought and action, from easy, graceful confidence to sober earnestness, thence into calmness, then to seriousness that deepened into rooted and eternal resolution with indications of conscientious indignation, giving place to irritability and human anger, which in turn and at last sweeps away into one wild, chaotic cyclone of blind and destructive wrath that darkens the April day with bricks, clouds and other language, as the old brown hen, a magnificent blur of squawks and feathers, goes banging with a cloud of dust into every door and window on the reservation except the one to which her attention is being most earnestly directed—to sit at the casement of my Lair and watch this instructive drama of life and its varied possibilities, is reading one of these dear, old, ever new books that we love. Most of my neighbors' hens appear to be feeble minded—very few are intellectually strong—but at times they display the cunning of the maniac. Especially is this apt to be the case when they have reduced their nominal master to the condition of one. Yesterday my neighbor discovered a loose board on the back of his hennery, creating an adjustable aperture through which the restless fowls found egress into the world of care and trouble and early gardens. While he nailed on the board the entire crew of hens walked sedately out of the door on the other side, which he had left open. A general alarm was sounded and the man's whole

family at last corralled the mandarin crew in the hennery. Then they walked quickly out of the aperture of the loose board, which he had left ajar. No, I do not wish you could have heard what he said. Indeed, I am glad you did not. I did not hear it myself. He was too far away. I could see his mouth going, but I could hear no sound. I knew what he was saying all the time, because I used to say it myself. Oh, yes, I have kept hens. I once, in radiant, hopeful days, builded a hennery, saying with myself, "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labor." And when the last sum of that year set on the dishheartening record of weasels, pip, cholera, rats, red spiders, gapes, cats, predatory freedmen, bumfoot and ministers' conference, I evicted the cluster of omnivorous appetites that wandered about the place in the guise of hens, devouring my substance, and all adjacent substance that happened to be left anywhere within fifty feet of the ground; turned the abandoned hennery into a preserve for coal, which is the dearest thing in the market, and "looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I labored to do, and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit and there was no profit under the sun."—Robert J. Burdette.

## The Iron Wolf.

"I conducted, two months ago," said a clergyman, "the funeral services of one of my parishioners. He had been a farmer. Forty years ago he commenced work with one hundred acres of land, and he ended with one hundred. He was a skillful, industrious working-man, but he had laid by no money in the bank. I understood the reason as I listened to the comments of his friends and neighbors."

"It was always a warm, hospitable house," said one. "The poor man was never turned away from that door. His sons and daughters all received the best education which his means could command. One is a clergyman, one a civil engineer, two are teachers—all lead useful and happy lives."

Said another: "Those children sitting there and weeping are the orphans of a friend. He gave them a home. That crippled girl is his wife's niece. She lived with them for years. That young fellow, who is also weeping so bitterly was a waif that he rescued from the slums of the city." And so the story went on—not of a miser who had heaped dollar on dollar, but of a servant of God who had helped many lives and had lifted many of them out of misery and ignorance into life and joy.

On my way home from the funeral I stopped at the farm of another parishioner, who said to me, in a shrill, rasping tone: "So poor Gould is dead! He left a poor account—not a penny more than he got from his father. Now I started with nothing; and look here," pointing to his broad fields, "I own down to the creek I. Dye know why? When I started to keep house I brought this into it the first thing," taking an iron savings bank in the shape of a wolf out of the closet. "Every penny I could save went into its jaws. It is surprising how many pennies you can save when you've a purpose. My purpose was to die worth \$100,000. Other folks dress their wives in merino; mine wore calico. Other men wasted money on schooling; my boys and girls learned to work early and keep it up late. I wasted no money

on churches, sick people, paupers, or books. And," he concluded triumphantly, "now I own to the creek; and that land, with the fields yonder, and the stock in the barns, are worth \$100,000! Do you see?" And on the thin, hard lips was a wretched attempt to laugh. The house was bare and comfortless; his wife, worn out with work, had long ago gone to her grave. Of his children, taught only to make money a god, one son had taken to drink, having no other resource, and died in prison. The other, a harder miser than his father, remained at home to fight with him over every penny wrung out of their fertile fields.

"Yesterday I buried this man," continued the clergyman. "Neither, neighbor nor friend, son nor daughter, shed a tear over him. His children were eager to begin the quarrel for the ground he had sacrificed his life to earn."

"Of it all, he had now only earth enough to cover his decaying body. Economy for a noble purpose is a virtue; but in the house of some it is avarice, and like a wolf, devours intelligence, religion, hope, and life itself."—Friendly Companion.

## Fashion Notes for June.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

Button gloves are in greater favor than mousquetaires.

Stripes are the leading feature in all the new goods.

Half high boots and low shoes will again be the fashionable foot gear for summer.

Decided contrasts are shown in the combinations of many of the new gowns for summer.

Heliotrope is the most fashionable tint for summer dress goods, it is not however, becoming to all complexions. All bodies are adorned with some trimming, plastron, vest, bretelles or fullness, the arrangement of which is left to the individual taste.

Two kind of straw are seen upon the most fashionable bonnets, the crown being of plain Milan straw, while the brim is of fancy braid in open lace-like design, or this plan may be reversed.

Some of the plaids are very large and of very bright colors, others show the faded tints and mixed shades so dear to the aesthetes, and others again have sombre lines crossing each other on grounds of light color.

The newest style of lace boas has a full ruche round the throat, fastening in front, with long plain ends falling almost to the edge of the skirt. These can be made of Chantilly, Spanish or any lace fancy may dictate.

Bows on the shoulders for evening gowns are popular, and revers up the fronts are arranged differently instead of corresponding, as of yore. One may be of velvet, the other of lace, and so on. This gives individual fancy an opportunity to exercise itself.

Bouquets for evening wear composed of sprays of orchids, lilac, and other spreading flowers look as if they were loosely tied together by long ribbons, which correspond in color, and may be of silk or velvet. Only a single variety of a flower is used in each bouquet.

A new corset is made of closely woven stockinette which is cut to fit the form, and the bones fit into outside casings of silk. They are said to be comfortable, cool and durable. They promise to be largely patronized by ladies who do not care to sacrifice health to comfort.

A nod number. The figure eleven on the face of the clock.

# Grand Excursion

IN AID OF THE HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF-MUTES.

UP THE HUDSON TO THE Home at Wappinger's Falls, ON THE SALOON STEAMER LONG BRANCH, Tuesday July 26, 1887.

TICKETS, 50 Cents each. Children, (Under ten years) 25 Cents each.

Music by Prof. R. H. Sause.

Long Branch leaves foot East 23d Street, 8.15 a.m. sharp West 21st St., 9 a.m. sharp.

An occasion that, while having all the attractions of a first-class excursion, is, in the sail alone, worth double the money. No better opportunity could be offered to view the superb scenery along the "Rhine of America," by daylight, and very probably by moonlight. With this, all who attend will know they are doing a good turn, as the proceeds go to the current expenses of the Home for Aged and Infirmed Deaf-Mutes.

The "Long Branch" has been entirely rebuilt and renovated and redecorated, and arrangements will be made to transform the grounds of the "Home" into a regular excursion resort, comprising all the attractions, viz: swings, shooting-gallery, photograph-gallery, rowboats, platform for dancing, etc., etc.

As to the musical arrangements, Prof. Sause's reputation is second to none in New York and Brooklyn, not alone among our deaf-mutes, but also the hearing community, which will guarantee this part of the programme will be of the very best.

Tickets now ready, and for the present can be obtained from any of the Committee. When arrangements are completed, they can be had of any deaf-mute living in New York City, Brooklyn and Jersey City.

Positively no deadheads allowed to cross the gangplanks, and no complimentary tickets given, but to the members of the Press.

Further particulars from time to time.

Committee.

JOHN P. O'BRIEN, Manager, CLEMENT H. THOMSON, Treasurer, ALBERT A. BARNES.

ESTABLISHED 1830.  
**Geo. W. Welsh**  
HAS REMOVED TO NEW STORE,  
233 GREENWICH ST., COR. BARCLAY ST.  
NEW YORK.

Elevated R. R. station at door. One block below old stand, where, with additional space, increased facilities and an entirely new stock, he is enabled to offer at the lowest cash prices.

**WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, SOLID SILVER, MARBLE CLOCKS, FANCY GOODS,**

Watch Repairing and Jobbing of all kinds done on the premises.

EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED.

## NOTICE

To Graduates & Former Pupils

OF THE New York Institution

FOR THE

Instruction of the D & D.

All persons at any time pupils in the Institution, are respectfully requested to send to us, at once, their names and residences, and the year in which they left or graduated from school; and, in the case of married women, their maiden name prior to marriage.

I. L. PEET, Principal.  
C. N. BRAINERD, Supt.

ADDRESS:

N. Y. Inst'n for the Deaf & Dumb  
STATION M,  
NEW YORK CITY.

## NEW YORK INSTITUTION

FOR THE

INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF & DUMB.

The undersigned, offers for sale to

DEAF-MUTES AND THEIR FRIENDS,

a large and fine picture of this Institution and surroundings, with portraits of the present principal and of the late principal.

DR. HARVEY P. PEET,

executed by H. P. Arms, a skillful deaf-mute lithographer of Philadelphia, in whose interest he has consented to act.

THE H. P. PEET MEMORIAL.

which the graduates of the New York Institution have so much at heart,

WILL BE DIRECTLY BENEFITED

by the sale of this picture, as a portion of the small amount asked for each copy, will go directly into the Treasury of this fund. The picture measures 27x35 inches.

THE PRICE IS ONLY \$1.25.

on receipt of which a copy, neatly packed, will be sent by mail post-paid. Send by Money Order or Postal Note to—

ISAAC LEWIS PEET, Principal,  
Station M, New York City.  
9-6mo.

THE ELDERIDGE "B"



The ELDERIDGE "B" is sold with the guarantee of being the BEST that can be MADE.

Dealers Wanted In Unoccupied Territory.

ELDREDGE MANUFACTURING CO.

363 and 365 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, IL.

## DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

### BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhling, President; Chas. E. Green, First Vice-President; S. B. Smith, Second Vice-President; Alex. Dezenzori, Secretary; T. J. Godfrey, Treasurer; Daniel J. McManis, Sergeant-at-Arms. Its object is to improve moral, intellectual and social life among its members. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Alex. Dezenzori, No. 1608 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This Association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A. of San Francisco. President, Moses I. Aronson, Vice-President, Thomas A. Finney, Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy, Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A.M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

### CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The objects of the Cambridge Society of Deaf-Mutes are to promote the spiritual, moral, educational and intellectual welfare of the deaf-mutes in Cambridge and vicinity. The officers are President, A. W. Orent; Secretary, E. W. Frisbee, and Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy. Services and prayer meeting from 12:30 to 2 P.M., at the Central Square First Baptist Church, until further notice.

### CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets for the present every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building, 39 West 15th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Thursday. Lectures every third Thursday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. James Russell, President. All communications should be addressed to P. C. Cassidy, Corresponding Secretary, 506 West Street, New York City.

### CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1870, and has for its object the moral and intellectual improvement of deaf-mutes, by lectures, debates, and other entertainments. Meetings on the first and third Thursday evenings of each month, at 8 o'clock, are held in Anderson Hall, No. 22 West Fifth Street. Visitors may be introduced by members, and those interested, from other places, are cordially welcomed. Mr. Alfred Hielein is President, and Mr. Fred Beller, Secretary. The address is No. 61 Moore Street, Cincinnati, O.

### CLERG LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerg Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December, and March, and 1st Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Mr. Geo. Sifton, President, and Thomas Green is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1917 Monument Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

### DE L'EPÉE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of the Deaf-Mutes' Mission, 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Edw. J. Carr is President. For information and communication, address to Mr. Wm. F. Fields, Secretary, 1229 Fulton St., or to Rev. E. V. Lebront, 710 Pine St.

### GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the deaf-mutes in the State. The officers are as follows:—Willie E. White, President, Bennington; Willie A. Dearing, Secretary, Pittsfield; Almos Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

### PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago muts effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral instruction to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pas-a-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month, at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is officered as follows: President, Matthew Muller; Vice-President, Edw. Kington; Secretary, Matt Mullen; Treasurer, Jas. Watson. Address President or Secretary Pas-a-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

### ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, corner Livingstone St., Brooklyn. Object: mutual aid. All communications to be addressed to William Ennis, 19 Fifth Street, So. Brooklyn.

### ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcome on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, W. E. Guen; Vice-President, E. W. Stockstill; Secretary, D. A. Simpson; Treasurer, Louis Jacoby; Sergeant-at-Arms, Leo A. Froning; Trustees, W. T. Campbell and Geo. T. Dougherty. Address the Secretary, 2246 Sullivan Ave.

### THE DAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra aid to such Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and intellectual brotherhood, and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are E. W. Frisbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee.

### THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officered by: W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn., President; E. W. Bigelow, of Chelsea, Mass., Vice-President; Geo. C. Sawyer, of Lowell, Mass., Secretary; Levi A. Lester, of Providence, R. I., Treasurer. State Managers: Charles Folsom, for Maine; William Bailey, for Massachusetts; Edwin H. French, for New Hampshire; J. T. Keefe, for Vermont; Henry M. Fairman, for Connecticut; and John F. Donnelly, for Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1888.

## (DIRECTORY—CONTINUED)

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTE LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every two weeks, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, John P. Cotter; 1st Vice-President, Peter Kinney; 2d Vice-President, John Ward; Treasurer, Wm. H. Caldwell; Secretary, Charles L. Jastram; Sergeant-at-Arms, Edgar Jastram. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Charles L. Jastram, No. 9 Ashland St., Newark, N. J.

### THE SALEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in Sept. 23, 1874, and occupies a whole building of four rooms, No. 2 rear of Mansfield Block. Divine services, every Sunday, and prayer meeting, every Friday evening. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (except evening) in the week for reading, etc. The officers of the Society for 1887 are: William Bailey, President; P. S. Bowden, Secretary; L. L. Chapman, Treasurer, and Hardy P. McNeill, Vice-President. The Executive Committee, W. K. Bigelow, L. P. Harris, Geo. P. Trustees.

### THE SICARD CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION OF BOSTON.

The object of this Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. The members meet in the basement of the Cathedral, Washington Street, at 4 o'clock P.M., every Sunday. This Association, being a branch of the I. J. Epoc C. D. M. A., has the same officers, and give the same advantages. All welcome. Communications should be addressed to Mr. J. J. McNeill, resident pro tem, Commercial Street, Dorchester, Mass.

### THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

This society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M. in the parlour of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every two Saturday evenings. The object is for the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are William T. Collins, President; Chas. A. Smith, First Vice-President; Harrison Burt, Second Vice-President; James M. Walcott, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and H. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also has a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday at 9 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman. All the deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is H. C. Bascom's Shop, cor. River and Hoosier Streets, Troy, N. Y.

### WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue near Wood Street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquesne Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to Secretary, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 68 Fride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

## MANUAL ALPHABET

AND

CALLING CARDS COMBINED



We are printing Manual Alphabet Visiting or Calling Cards, of the best quality, cheaper than any publishing office in America. Your name neatly printed on the reverse side, in stylish type, and the cards sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, to any part of the United States and Canada.

PRICE LIST:

50 Cards with name, 25 cents.

100 " " " 50 "

Address

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,

STATION M,

New York City.

## The Cosmopolitan

The handsomest, most entertaining, low price, illustrated magazine in the world. \$2.50 per year, with a \$2.50 premium (free) fifty-four beautifully printed pages in each number, filled with short stories, sketches, travels, adventures, bright and brief scientific and literary articles, by distinguished American and foreign writers, such as Julian Hawthorne, Harriet Prescott Spofford, George Parsons Lathrop, Louise